

THE OTHER FELLOW'S JOB.

The farmer looks discouraged,
He hates the muck and hoe;
He wants to try the city,
Where money seems to grow;
The other fellow gets the grain,
And leaves for him the cob,
So in his heart he covets
The other fellow's job.

The business man is worried,
Both ends will scarcely meet;
Last month he lost a million
Upon a deal in wheat;
He looks with longing to the farm,
And drops a fearful sob;
It seems to him like heaven—
The other fellow's job.

The doctor notes with envy
The lawyer's bouncing roll,
And wishes he had studied
With Blackstone as his goal;
The clerk is far from satisfied,
He sees the artist's daub,
And cries, "Oh, how much better!"
The other fellow's job.

'Tis quite the style to grumble
And sigh for other stars,
To wish we were transported
To somewhere, even Mars;
And if we reach the Happy Land,
This thought the joy will rob,
For some will surely covet
The other fellow's job.

—Commercial Telegraphers' Journal

The Fifteen-Minute Way.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

It was decided definitely in the tiny sitting-room upstairs between bedrooms. Mrs. Torrey put it into its first words, but it had been brewing in all four minds.

"We must go to housekeeping," Mrs. Torrey said. "George, we will!"

"Mary, you're a jewel—shake hands!" was Mr. Torrey's reply. He had been waiting for this a weary while. Across the table two study-books were slammed down.

"Mama, honest? Oh, that's good!" from Maurice.

"O goodie!" from nine-year-old Alan. The entire family, then, had been waiting.

"Yes, we've boarded long enough. I think we've been pretty patient. Now we'll rent a house and I'll make you three boys some popovers!" And you can bring your friends, George, and the boys can entertain their sometimes. Why, it's nearly four years since we came East, and here we are in a boarding-house still!"

"Well, it shouldn't be so any longer," said Mr. Torrey. "We'll go to housekeeping to-morrow!"

Mrs. Torrey smiled leniently. "That's like a man," she said. "If we find a house in three weeks we shall do well."

She was a small woman; an air of fragility sat upon her becomingly. Her big husband, adoring her without disguise, resolved to shoulder the responsibility of moving.

It was six o'clock the next night when the four Torreys sat down at the end of the long boarding-house tea-table. There was subdued jubilation in George Torrey's face, but he ate his supper without disclosing the cause of it. It was not until he got into the sitting-room upstairs that he broke forth.

"Well," he said, rubbing his hands together genially. "I've engaged a house. Didn't take me long, either."

"George!" But his wife's tone escaped him in his self-gratulatory mood. He beamed at his wife and the boys impartially.

"Yes, I had it all down fine inside of fifteen minutes. Takes me to go house-hunting! I hadn't been on the car two minutes before I ran plump on it in the advertising column in the Times: 'To be let—pleasant house, nine rooms, sunny, convenient, good neighborhood'—everything there in black and white, you see!"

"Here's luck!" I said to myself, but better was to follow. I glanced out of the car window, and there I was on the very street—yes, pretty nearly opposite the very number! Took me about three weeks and a half to stop the car and hunt up that house! It suited all right, and before another ten minutes I'd engaged it, and to-morrow we'll—"

"George!" Mrs. Torrey's tone was now impressively noticeable. It was distinctly calm and clear—but noticeable. There was patient tolerance in that one word—there were pity, kindness, affection in it. Mr. Torrey stopped rubbing his hands together.

"George, you are exactly like a man—but, there, I suppose I knew it when I married you. But I never looked ahead to your engaging a home for your family in fifteen minutes! That proves your sex conclusively enough! You never thought of closets and back yards and exposures and pantry shelves, of course."

The tone was gathering gentle sarcasm now. "Or whether the windows faced to the south, or—anything. My dear, engaging houses is a woman's work. It never occurred to me that it was necessary to say so. I have cut out some advertisements in all the papers I can find, and to-morrow I shall make a little beginning. Of course it will take considerable time—more than fifteen minutes," she concluded, in a fine climax of irony.

"But, Mary!"—Mr. Torrey was recovering slowly. Jubilation had given place in his honest countenance to surprise, chagrin, disappointment, meek acceptance. "But, Mary, I've engaged the house—" Only a rare presence of mind tripped him up there, on the verge of adding that he had paid down a month's rental to "bind the trade."

"I think I shall try the one on Liscomb street first, and work gradually downtown," remarked Mrs. Torrey, musingly. She was sorting over some little newspaper cuttings as she mused. There was a general air of the eve of a great campaign. There was heroism, too, as of one who foresaw personal sacrifice and discomfort. She sighed a little forlornly.

"Well, I'll—well, go ahead, go ahead, my dear!" George Torrey laughed out in the sudden relief of tenderness. He had realized suddenly what a little thing Mary was, and how she loved campaigns. Women were queer, but one of them was dear. "Go ahead, and find a place with all the windows to the south and all the closets right!"

"That's what I am planning, dear," smiled gently the small woman. "There is the right place for us somewhere, and I shall not spare time or pains to find it. It will very likely take a lot of hunting and trailing up and down stairs, but I shall do my best."

Thus quite as suddenly as the fifteen-minute house had been engaged it was snuffed out of existence. So

far as the consideration of it as a Torrey residence went.

"Found a southern exposure yet?" Mr. Torrey asked, with unfailing politeness, each day, when the little family assembled for the evening. And it was becoming noticeable that the answers lacked variety and originality as much as the questions.

"Not yet," was the invariable reply.

It had not occurred to the determined little house-hunter to look at the house which Mr. Torrey had engaged. She had not given that an instant's serious thought.

The very ridiculousness of the incident robbed it of importance, and made it a thing only to be laughed at. Men were such funny creatures! Here had she been systematically searching for a house for almost a week, and a man took fifteen minutes!

It was presently a full week. Mrs. Torrey was very tired. She nodded in her chair evenings, and her husband repented of his teasing. He made frequent resolutions to tease no more, but the bantering little query slipped between his lips before he knew it with persistent regularity.

"No, I haven't found any southern exposure—or northern exposure, or eastern or western!" she flashed back the eighth night with considerable spirit. "And I've been to thirty-three places! It's the work of a lifetime, I do believe! Of course there are places enough, but just when you're trying to think over one will do, you open a closet door, and it's too small,—the closet, I mean,—or else you can't find any closet door when there ought to be one. There was a place on Cabot street that I came near deciding on till I saw the china-closet, and a place on—oh, I don't know what street, but it would have done very well except for the drawers where I should keep my tablecloths. I wasn't going to fold them again. And the boys' room in one house was too small, and so on, forty-three times! I'm discouraged, but—here spoke the chin—"I shall begin again Monday morning."

On the following Thursday Mrs. Torrey's tired face was the one to show jubilation at the boarding-house tea-table. The lines of weariness trailed off and were lost in the evident elation. It bespoke success. The "three boys' scented popovers in it. It was hard work to wait for the family assembly upstairs.

"Found a south—well, well, don't keep us waiting, mother!" Mr. Torrey began, as soon as the door closed behind them. "You've something up your sleeve—needn't tell me!"

"Yes, I have," she laughed. "And it's a house! O George, boys, I've found the dearest little place!"

"Not everything—exposures and closets and drawers and everything?" Mr. Torrey demanded, unbelievably.

"Exposures—drawers—closets—back yards—pantry shelves—everything," recited the house-finder. "At last, after all my work—well, I think I deserve it! Of course there's the coal-bi—but never mind that. It's a darling little house."

"Good!" cried Mr. Torrey, heartily. "I congratulate you, Mary. Of course you bound the trade?"

"Did what?"

"Engaged it."

"Of course I did nothing of the kind. I didn't decide all in a minute like that, of course. I'm going to sleep on it."

"May never get a chance—" began her husband, but relented. The shadows under the small woman's eyes hid him.

"I guess it'll still be there in the morning all right," he reassured her; but she did not need reassurance.

"I think I shall take to-morrow to rest and think it over," she said, calmly. "I don't want to decide too recklessly. And then day after to-morrow I'll go and look it all over again, to make sure. It pays to be prudent."

"M-m—yes!" muttered the imprudent man who required but fifteen minutes. "Perhaps so! Perhaps so!" But he remained privately unconvinced.

The next morning but one an excited little woman appeared at George Torrey's place of business.

"Why, Mary—why, my dear!" that gentleman exclaimed, distressed at once by the palpable signs of trouble.

"I've lost it, George! My lovely little house! Look out of the window—don't look at me—or I shall cry! It's all to do over again—all—"

"There, there," he soothed her. "Tell me all about it." And Mary, grown suddenly weak, told all.

"Some one had engaged it already—it wasn't to be let at all, but the child didn't know. I suppose I got my slips mixed, and there weren't any dates, anyway."

"The child? Slips? Dates?" Had house-hunting gone to her brain?

"O dear, yes, how stupid you are! Can't you understand? The newspaper slips I cut out! That one must have been a week or two old. The woman said some one engaged the house a while ago, and she forgot to tell the child. She was away and she—O dear, the woman was away, and the child showed me over the place and never knew it was engaged."

alre: And, O George, we'll board till we die—I never can begin again! I could never find another beautiful little house like that, never! There was the loveliest set of drawers for table linen. And the back piazza—and the perfectly splendid great closet—big enough to sleep in—and books everywhere—"

"Mary, you take the next car home and go to bed. Don't get up till I come. Then we'll go round to that—that little place I—er—hunted up, you know. It belongs to me for a good fortnight yet. I didn't let on to you, but I paid a month's rent down. Maybe you'll think it's better than boarding, anyhow. Cheer up! We'll measure for carpets and things, and have a fine time buying them! You've got to let me run things now; you're all done up."

"Yes, yes," she murmured, meekly. "You can do anything you please. George—anything. The fight has all gone out of me. I'm ready to board or keep house anywhere."

"It's a pretty good little place, now I tell you," he bustled cheerfully, getting her under way for her car. "Don't you do any more worrying. Leave things to me."

They went together that afternoon. She was still too worn and discouraged, even after her hours of rest, to take much notice of directions or streets, but allowed herself to be led, lamblike, by the cheerful George. She kept remembering on the way more and more charms of the lovely house she had found and lost.

"We could almost have kept house in that closet!" she lamented. "And, O George Torrey, the parlor mantel!"

"Never mind! Never mind!" said George, with splendid courage. "Just wait till you see my house! Here we are." And lamenting still, she suffered herself to be led in.

The rooms were bare, but full of cozy possibilities. In the one they entered first lay bars of red-gold sunlight from the illuminated west. Mrs. Torrey gazed about her listlessly.

"George."

The listlessness suddenly took swift wings. "George! Oh, wait a minute—wait right here! I'll be back in a moment!"

She hurried from room to room—came hurrying back. She was laughing radiantly, sheepishly. "George! George!" she cried. "It's my house! My lovely little house! Do you suppose I don't know the parlor mantel and the coal-bin and the closet! I recognize everything now. It's my darling little house!"

"No such thing," he retorted. "I discovered this house myself—it took me less than fifteen minutes."

"And me two weeks! George, I give up—house-hunting is a man's work. I might have been making popovers here this very minute!"—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Fishing Dogs.

Stories of fishing dogs always are interesting. I remember one of a dog which always accompanied his master trout fishing—went with him in lieu of a landing net. The water usually fished was a club length where the limit for a lakeable trout was eight inches, and the intelligent brute, the moment a trout was firmly hooked, would swim out, take it gently but firmly in his jaws, swim back to the bank, measure it off with his tail, and immediately chuck it back into the water if it happened to be under the limit size. I have heard of an angler who had a dog that used to swim across the river when the angler got his flies hung up in a tree at the other side, and climb up the tree and disentangle them. Then I had a friend who had a very clever pointer—who would point anything—fur, feather, or fin. He was a first rate retriever, too.

One day my friend had him out with him in a boat pike fishing, when he hooked a most terrific, tantrummy old pike, which lashed and gashed in a most furious fashion. In went the long-legged pointer to retrieve the game. Snap went the vicious pike's wicked jaws as the dog came up, and the poor brute's forelegs were clean bitten off close to the body. In his anguish the dog managed to swim to the boat, when snap went the sharp, horrid jaws again, and off came about seven-eighths of the dog's hind legs. His master got him back into the boat, rendered first aid, and carried him to a veterinary surgeon, who treated him so skillfully that the stumps healed beautifully. Of course he was no good any more as a pointer; but he made a first rate dachshund.—Fishing Gazette, London.

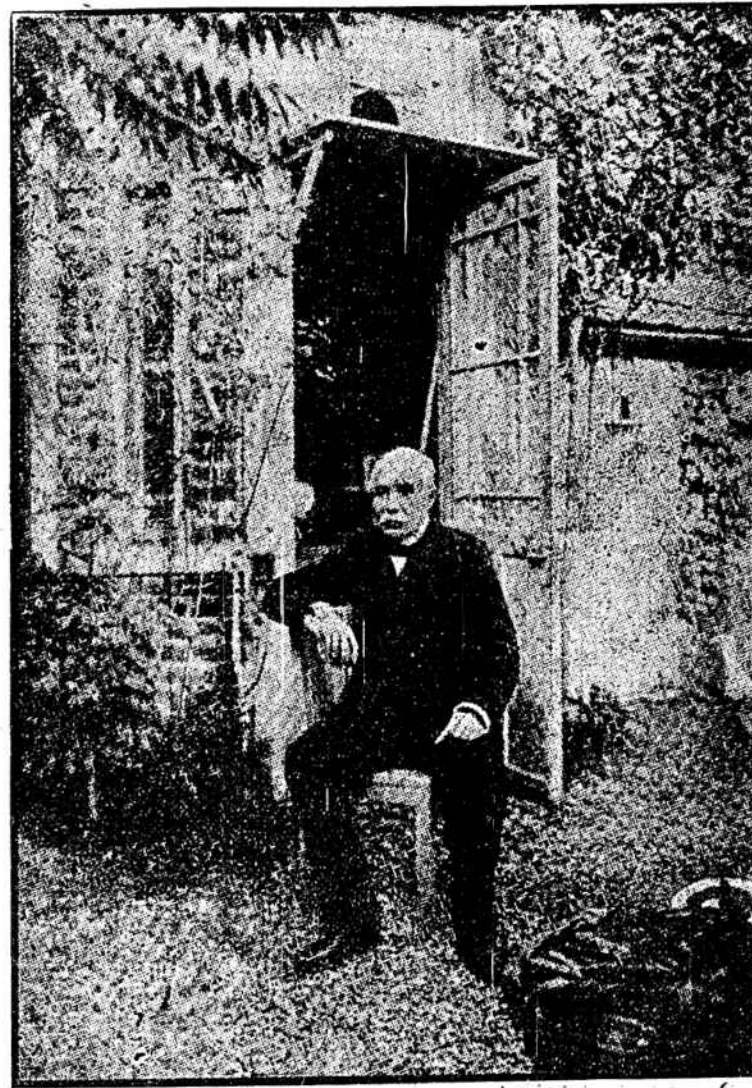
Henry Clay's Popularity.

The greatest popular idol in a political sense the country has ever known was Henry Clay. Only one other American statesman ever possessed the quality called personal magnetism to the same extent that he did, and no other ever had a more enthusiastic personal following. He was an aspirant for President from 1824 to 1848, but never reached the goal. He received thirty-seven electoral votes in 1824, forty-nine in 1832 and 105 in 1844, but never enough to elect him. Clay was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives on the first day of his term in that body and was five times re-elected. He was twice elected United States Senator, once unanimously by the Kentucky Legislature, and held several other high offices. If there ever was a popular idol in the politics of this country, it was Henry Clay, but he could not be elected President.—Indianapolis Journal.

Fish as Seed Carriers.

Long ago Darwin asserted that fresh water fish played a part in the dissemination of aquatic plants by swallowing the seeds in one place and voiding in some far distant spot. The truth of this assertion has frequently been questioned. Now Prof. Hochreutene, of Genf, claims to have proved by a series of experiments that seeds which have been swallowed by fish and waterfowl do retain their germinative power even after they have passed through the digestive organs. When planted they grew up in a perfectly normal manner, if somewhat more slowly than ordinary seed.—Oesterreichische Fischerei-Zeitung.

France's Prime Minister.

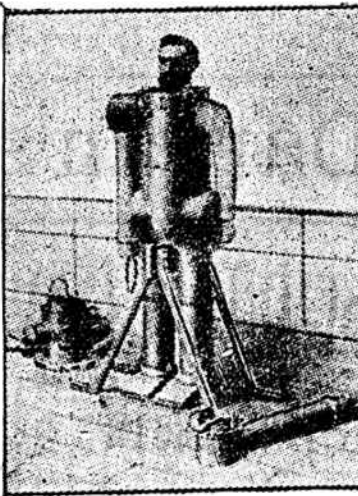


CLEMENCEAU IN FRONT OF HIS HENHOUSE, WHICH WAS SPECIALLY BUILT FOR HIM ON THE AMERICAN PLAN.

An Armor For Deep-Sea Divers.

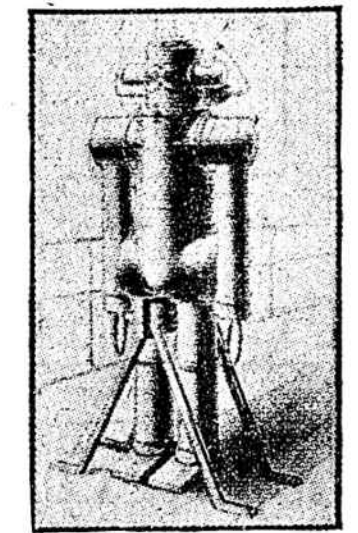
A novel form of diver's apparatus, which we are told by the Scientific American promises to be of great value in salvage operations, has been invented by a Parisian hydrographic engineer named De Pluvy. Says the paper just named:

"As De Pluvy has had many years' experience in diving operations there



Helmet and One Arm-Piece Removed.

is no doubt that the apparatus is of practical value. He uses a metallic diving suit which is made somewhat on the plan of the ancient coat-of-armor, being built of light and strong sheet metal having a thickness varying from 0.2 to 0.3 inch according to the position of the pieces. The joints and coupling points are made of pressed leather and rubber, and a special form of hydraulic joint is employed. On the top of the armor is fixed the helmet, which is the principal feature of the apparatus. The air is not brought to the diver from the outside, as usual, but the air he breathes is sent by a tube into a special regenerating chamber containing



Ready for the Descent.

certain chemical products which renew the supply of oxygen, and the air is then sent to the interior of the helmet by another tube. The air renewing apparatus is contained in a pair of cylindrical chambers attached to each side of the helmet. Regulating valves keep the air pressure within the helmet at the right amount and always constant, no matter what the depth may be below the surface. Mounting and descending are effected by a drum and cable worked by an electric motor. At the same time the

cable serves to carry the current which is needed for the respiratory apparatus. The diver communicates with the surface by a telephone, and a number of wires run from the armor up to a set of colored lamps, showing how the different parts are working. There are many advantages to be secured from the new apparatus, and we expect to give a more complete and illustrated description of this interesting device. Mr. De Pluvy has personally been able to go down to a great depth, and during the 115 descents which he has already made with the new diving suit he reached depths varying from 150 to 300 feet. This far exceeds the depth to which an ordinary diver can go."

Knife Polisher.

Every woman welcomes the addition of little accessories which help to make her household duties lighter and less irksome. The daily polishing of the knives may be a small matter, but with the assistance of the knife polisher shown here it can be accomplished in one-quarter the time it ordinarily takes. This little kitchen appliance is made of sheet



Polishes Both Sides.

metal, bent to form a pair of parallel plates about an inch apart. One plate is longer than the other, and is attached to the edge of the table or in some other convenient position. Secured to the inside of the plates are pieces of flannel or similar cleaning material. After the knives have been washed and dried, to put on the finishing polish they are inserted between two pieces of flannel and given a slight rub back and forth. Incidentally, both sides of the knife are polished at the same time. The inventor is a Canadian.—Philadelphia Record.

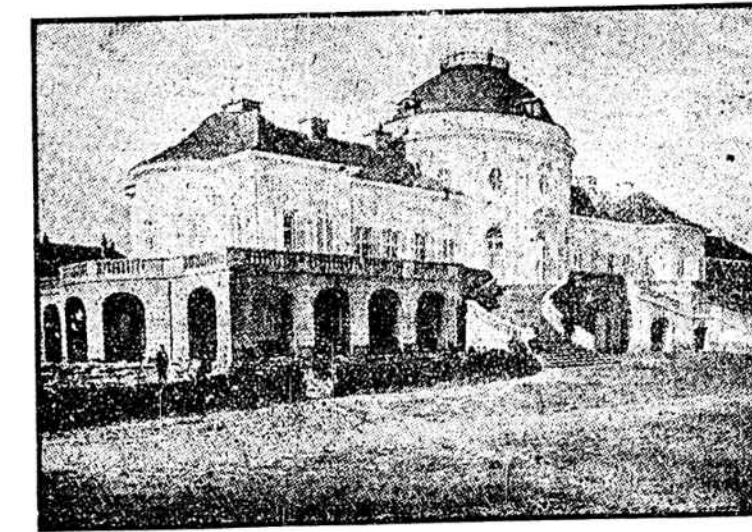
Change in China.

Kaleidoscopic bewildering change is the outstanding characteristic of the political prospect of China at the present time. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" is, in the China of to-day, a thoroughly worldly wise and eminently practical piece of advice.—Shanghai Mercury.

According to the most reliable reports there are 262,000 Sunday schools in the world, with a total enrollment of 26,000,000 pupils.

"SOLITUDE,"

The Imperial Hunting Lodge Near Stuttgart, Germany



Built about one hundred years ago, and formerly known as the "Carlschule." Now little used.

BITS OF NEWS

WASHINGTON.

Maurice Francis Egan is to be minister to Denmark.

Justice Day, of the Supreme Court, has been appointed arbitrator in controversy over mahogany concessions in Nicaragua.

President Roosevelt plans to make a trip down the Mississippi River next fall in order to study the work of the Inland Waterways Commission.

Navy Department was informed of the death at Santiago of Ensign Brislin, who shot himself.

Rear Admiral Willard H. Brownson became chief of the Bureau of Navigation in the Navy Department, succeeding Rear Admiral George A. Converse.

Oscar Hammerstein signed a contract to build a house and establish grand opera in Washington.

Surgeon General Rixey is preparing to appeal to Congress for betterment of the medical branch of the Navy.

OUR ADOPTED ISLANDS.

General Carlos Roloff, Treasurer of Cuba, died at Guanabacoa, Cuba.

Business at Santiago de Cuba is paralyzed owing to a general strike of workmen in support of the "longshoremen's demand for an eight-hour day."

The sisal industry is becoming an important one, about 1000 acres having already been planted in Hawaii.

A jury in the Federal Court at San Juan, P. R., rendered a verdict of \$2000 against H. W. Dooley for slandering C. F. Stokes, a surgeon in the United States Navy.

Brig-Gen. H. T. Allen, organizer and until recently chief of the Philippine Constabulary, arrived in San Francisco from Manila on the army transport Thomas.

DOMESTIC.

Ex-Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, discussing Theodore Price's suit against the Cotton Exchange, said the July delivery of spinnable cotton has been overdone.

State inspectors accused the infamous directors of Butler County, Ohio, of the misuse of \$100,000.

Mayor Busse, of Chicago, removed eight members of the school board who refused to resign.

The submarine boats Octopus and Lake ended a successful twenty-four hour submergence test at Newport, R. I.

With his clothes on fire, John Maloney, a motorman on a Chicago elevated train, remained in his box until he brought his train, crowded with passengers, to a station and averted a panic.

Edward Manning, an aged restaurant proprietor at Portland, Mich., was murdered and robbed while on his way home.

Irving Talley, a negro, was sentenced at Atlanta, Ga., to twenty years in prison and to pay a fine of \$9000 for raising a two dollar bill to \$20.

Fire which has raged in the Union Pacific Coal Company's mines at Cumberland, Wyo., for six months has been extinguished.

G. G. Richardson, a plantation overseer, and a negro named Lewis were shot and killed during a row at a baseball game in Jefferson Parish, La.

E. H. Conger, Minister to China during the Boxer troubles, and later Ambassador to Mexico, died at Pasadena, Cal.

Mayor Busse, in an attempt to "renovate" the Chicago Tenderloin transferred the entire police force of that district, including the captain and 240 men.

Harlow N. Higginbottom, of Chicago, resigned as trustee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company as a protest, he says, against present insurance conditions.

An attack on E. H. Harriman, in connection with his manipulation of the finances of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, was a feature of the address delivered by Charles A. Prouty, Interstate Commerce Commissioner, before the National Association of Manufacturers in New York City.

FOREIGN.

Samuel Lord Morison, the engineer, of New York, died in London.

Herr Dernberg was appointed head of Germany's new Ministry for the Colonies.

Four of the men who tried to kill President Ceberra of Guatemala, killed themselves when surrounded by soldiers.

The Lighthouse on Pointe de la Coubre, at the entrance of the Garonne, France, was undermined by the sea.

Lieutenant General Zacharias, vice-president of the International Permanent Geodetic Commission, died at Copenhagen.

Six Japanese girls nailed in pine boxes were discovered on the steamship Oania at Victoria, B. C.

Two thousand Polish Lancers of the Guard have been ordered from Warsaw to Tsarskoe-Seio, Russia.

J. H. Flist, a resident of Portland, Ore., died at Naples, Italy, from a tumor of the stomach.

Canada declines to grant remaining privilege on second-class mail.

The captain and crew of the schooner Everett Webster, abandoned at sea, arrived from France. They were seven days without food, lashed to the wreck.

The nationalist convention in Dublin repudiated the plan for a limited Irish Council, offered by the liberal government.

Serious race riots are reported from Delhi, India, and the agitation is said to be spreading in Madras province.

Frank A. Perret, Professor Matteucci's assistant, after visiting Acta and Stromboli, said he believed stronger eruptions were imminent.

WHOLESALE INDICTMENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO

Six Wealthy Men Added to List of Alleged Bribers.

ENORMOUS BAIL BONDS GIVEN

Railway Officials Compelled to Put Up \$500,000—Schmitz, After a Delay, Gets Bonds—Trials Will Keep Courts Busy Two Years.

San Francisco, Cal.—The Grand Jury indicted six wealthy men on charges of bribery and attempted bribery, and returned additional indictments against Abraham Ruef and Mayor E. E. Schmitz.

Frank G. Drum, Eugene D. Sabla, John Martin, Abraham Ruef and Mayor Schmitz were indicted on fourteen counts, each charging that they jointly bribed fourteen of the eighteen Supervisors in the sum of \$750 each to make the gas rate eighty-five cents for 1906, instead of seventy-five cents.

G. H. Umbsen, E. E. Green, W. I. Brock and Ruef were indicted on fourteen counts each, charging that they jointly attempted to bribe fourteen Supervisors in the sum of \$1000 each to vote a trolley franchise to the Parkside Transit Company. Judge Coffey set bail at \$1000 on each of the 126 counts contained in the twenty-eight indictments.

Officials of big corporations threatened Judge Coffey's courtroom to give bail of \$500,000 so that the indicted men may have liberty pending trial on felony indictments returned against them by the Grand Jury.

Louis Glass, vice-president of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Theodore Y. Halsey, of the same concern, gave bonds in the sum of \$250,000 each, charged with bribing two Supervisors to vote for the granting of a competing telephone franchise in San Francisco.

President Patrick Calhoun, Assistant President Mulally, General Counsel Tiley L. Ford and Assistant Counsel William L. Abbott, of the United Railways Investment Company, had each been indicted on fourteen counts on the charge of bribing thirteen Supervisors and Mayor Schmitz to grant a trolley franchise under which the United Railways was electrified. William H. Crocker, president of the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank and foremost capitalist in San Francisco, and President Henry T. Scott, of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company, were in court to furnish personal bail of \$500,000 for them. Arrangements, however, had already been made with a surety company of New York, whose attorney handed to Judge Coffey fifty-six bonds for \$10,000 each.

Mayor Schmitz also gave bail for \$20,000 on indictments charging him with accepting a \$50,000 bribe from Tiley L. Ford and a bribe of \$2500 from Frank Drum, of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company.

On the new indictments he must give bonds for \$166,000 more, or \$216,000 in all. If he cannot do more, he will have to go to prison.

Abraham Ruef, indicted with the United Railroads officials and Mayor Schmitz, did not appear and offer bail, as he is now in custody. The fourteen new indictments against him make eighty-seven outstanding against San Francisco's former political leader.

The aggregate bail offered in the indictments was \$750,000.

The trial of the alleged